

It seems that child photography is not to become as much specialized as it promised to several years ago. There are only two photographers in this city who devote themselves exclusively to that branch of their profession. One has gone so far as to refuse absolutely to make pictures of adult sitters unless they are accompanied by children. His interest is then so thoroughly concentrated on the youthful subjects that he confesses to paying no more regard to the parents than

One of them told a Sun reporter that only in a variety of subjects did he find the impulse to work. "This morning, for instance," he told the reporter, "I have posed a bride, a child and her mother, the child separately, and an old man. Now suppose, instead of those different sittings, I should have been posing nothing but children all day. It would have been all but impossible for me to do it. I should have been bored so stiff that after I had done two children



...THOUGHT... Photo by Corle



...DAUGHTERS OF FRANK J. GOULD... Photo by Histed



...STUDY OF A CHILD... by Histed

If they were sofa cushions. A colleague of this exclusive photographer does not follow him quite so far, possibly because he is not so well known to fame. He only professes a strong preference for children as sitters. He quite frankly admits the cause of this preference. He gets along better with the youngsters. By nature, he never could feel when he was beginning his work with a well-known photographer who specializes with likenesses of men, altogether at home with the grownups. He was always more or less ill at ease when posing them. But on the other hand he immediately felt absolutely unconscious of self when he began to work with the children. Not only did he really like it but the children seemed to.

This faculty of making them seem free from self-consciousness was of course a valuable asset in his profession and he soon found that his pictures of children were better than any of the others. "But he did. All his success in this particular he attributes to his facility for making children seem so at home with him that he is able to get pictures of them in attitudes and with expressions that are in accordance with their natural characters. He is still young in the profession and has not therefore been able to refuse to photograph adults.

Yet practically only these two men have confined themselves to child photography. Other successful photographers not only take any patrons that they think they can do justice to but they also defend their course on the ground that it affords a variety which prevents monotony

I should not have cared what the rest looked like. I believe such change necessary to keep up the enthusiasm of a man who has so many subjects every day." Charles H. Davis's study of a young girl is an example of the work which this artist does so frequently for his own sake. There is no business reward in making what is merely a pretty picture and not a likeness, but Mr. Davis takes delight in the imaginative and poetic pictures such as this. Miss Higgins is another photographer to whom the child's picture makes a very strong appeal, and she poses her subjects with inexhaustible enthusiasm. But her work is not confined to this specialty.

Miss Kathleen Vanderbilt in her party frock so delighted her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, of whom she is the only child, that a large colored copy of the photograph shows not only the tints in the dress but the color of the pale blue ribbon tied under the chignon petticoat. Then the contrast of the fur with the varied colored flowers in the trimming is also shown vividly in the colors. The two children of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Gould were photographed just after they had gone to the home of Miss Helen Gould, their aunt, with whom they are living at present. The picture of the young man with the elephant is one of the kind on which photographers always bestow the most loving care. This is a photograph of Mr. Histed's son and shows him at an early stage of his career as the possessor of toys. It is in fact the first that he ever owned, and for that reason he has been immortalized with the elephant



...THE NEW TOY... Photo by Huntington-Higgins



...IN GRANDMA'S BONNET... Photo by Chas. H. Davis



...MISS KATHLEEN VANDERBILT... Photo by Histed

The Flask and the Crystal

Detective Cronkite Encounters the Ways of the Orient.

I The two cousins Estelle and Nance Duvall decided to accept cheerfully their disappointing inheritance. At least there was the unshakable but available homestead. They would stay there during the summer with Aunt Anne Pross and in the fall resume the teaching of music and drawing which on the death of their bachelor uncle, Victor Duvall, they had thought to abandon forever.

"It really won't cost us anything, Estelle," explained Nance enthusiastically, "what with the farm product, the garden truck, the poultry and the cows. Then think how delightful it will be to live on our own acres, joint monarchs of all we survey, the fields, the wooded hill, this great roomy house!"

"Cost anything?" retorted Estelle. "Why, we ought to make a pretty penny. Nance, from our provisions and rooms. The climate and scenery are simply ideal." "Yes, we will take boarders," exclaimed Nance with clasped hands. "Oh, won't that be just charmingly droll!"

"They must be single gentlemen, then," interposed Aunt Anne. "My poor brother Victor would walk the earth at the idea of any women outside of his own kin and Dinah being in his house."

"I should think he would walk it anyway," returned Estelle. "To live like a hermit for forty years and yet fritter away a handsome fortune without anything to show for it or even knowing where it went, after solemnly promising to leave us both rich; I'd walk backward for eternity if I were he as partial penance."

"Why, Judge Josiah Marcellus told me that after the accountants had made every possible allowance for expense and loss there was over \$100,000 that had simply vanished into thin air. But what else could be expected of such an old mole?"

"You must not judge your Uncle Victor, Estelle," said Aunt Anne severely. "From the way he impressed you the two or three times you saw him in his latter years. He was as handsome, bold and adventurous a young fellow as ever lived. Went all around the world and through its waste places, explored the Arctic regions and the unknown plateaus of the Himalayas—that was his last trip."

"When he came back he was changed, as if a fever had burned the heart out of him. He shut himself up here and didn't want to see or be seen. Once or twice he dropped a word to me that made me

think he was living in mortal fear, but he never said much and he wouldn't say more."

"And to think that after all he died peacefully in that chair by that very window in his gown and slippers!"

"But, Auntie dear," cried Nance, "old Duvall says that she never saw such a look of fright on any one's face; it makes me late to be here alone."

"Have my child and seen as many folk die, you'll know that the last thing death expects, or gets for that matter, when he comes unexpectedly, is a welcome. Dinah is faithful and competent, but like all negroes she is very superstitious."

"But there, it is better to do than to talk about doing. You girls get out your advertisements and I'll put things to rights for the boarders."

"So well were these details attended to that by the end of the week the station wagon brought three men and their luggage to the Duvall homestead. The first to alight was a thin, sallow man, with very white teeth and very black hair, whose dress conventionally correct yet gave a foreign impression. He glanced from one to the other of the young women on the porch, and though he glanced again toward Nance he turned determinedly to Estelle.

"I am the Dr. Frisch," he began, "who had the honor to address you the other day. I seek here rest and relaxation before beginning my campaign in the fall for Hindu independence. Ah, this is what I need like the hills of my own country."

"Close on the doctor's deplorable heels had pressed a broad shouldered young fellow whose gray, who tossed a suit case into the corner."

"These are my books," he said at once to Nance, "and they can stay there for all I care. I'm Harry Kennet, you know, come down to study for the law degree. I just flunked."

"Do I do it? Well, not overmuch, I should say from the present outlook," he smiled engagingly. "You are Nance Duvall, aren't you?" he rattled on. "I knew your name must be Nance; I've always had such a fondness for it. And that handsome girl is your cousin, Estelle?"

"Excuse me, I don't mean a little bit that you're not handsome too, but there isn't any of the Greek goddess about you, thank goodness. We are sure to be great chums, even if you do think I'm fresh for what could you do with those other two queer coves?"

"I was sizing them on the way up, and to my mind that parbenty chap, the doctor, is older and worse than he looks, while the professor, Prof. Enoch Clay, the geologist, is younger and better. Do not on to him now. Isn't he a character?"

Nance looked to see the third man, a substantial, stolid figure wearing blue goggles and a duster, laboriously lifting a small boulder from the roadway and

lucking it under his left arm. Then from the back of the wagon he fished out an old fashioned carpet bag, but in so clumsy a way as to dash a bag, as smart and foreign in appearance as the doctor himself, to the ground, where it burst open.

With an absent-minded glance toward this bag the professor left it to the care of the driver and proceeded to the porch, there also to present his credentials in due form and without heeding in the slightest the doctor's furious expostulations.

Life soon settled into an agreeable and quiet routine at the Duvall homestead. After his first flash of tigerish race toward the professor for carelessness in upsetting his bag Dr. Frisch kept to his room for the most part, venturing out only in the cool of the evening for a stroll which Estelle came to accompany.

As Harry Kennet had predicted, he and Nance speedily became chums, tramping, riding and boating together without a thought on his part, and only an occasional conscientious warning on hers, of the neglected law books, behind which the spectre of the flunked examination lurked.

The professor too kept mainly in the open, bringing home a mass of rocks to clutter up his room with, as Dinah indignantly expressed it, but over which he would enthusiastically descend as unique specimens of the drift if by odd chance he secured a listener. It followed that for the most part he was both alone and unobserved.

It followed too that Harry Kennet was but ill pleased when late one night, on opening his door in response to a guarded rat-tat, the professor stepped briskly inside with evident intent of visiting for a while. He was just preparing for a soft reverie of Nance over last cigar and now he had to exchange it for so hard a subject as rocks. However, his show of cordiality soon gave way to genuine surprise and interest.

"Here is the situation, young man," began the professor, drawing his chair close and emphasizing his points with taps on the knee. "Old Victor Duvall brought back with him from Asia a fortune and a dread, closely connected. He stealthily converted his property into gold coin, which he did not spend and yet not a trace of it can be found. He lived here in retirement and secrecy, sitting in that big chair by the window downstairs, watching. One day he was found dead."

"My conclusion is that his method of concealment worked in the one case but not in the other. He saved his money; himself he could not save. The gold coin is hidden somewhere about the premises; but he was murdered."

For an instant Kennet looked bewildered. He pulled himself together resolutely.

"I thought you were a pottering old

crank," he began. "If you hadn't thought so how could I expect to work effectively?" replied the professor.

"Because you are so fond of me?" "Because you are so fond of me?" "That is all right enough, but your pot of gold lies, as such commodities generally do, at the end of a rainbow."

"Does it? I know positively that it existed and that it was not in any way disposed of by Victor Duvall. Hence—"

"Hence, if you say, old Victor Duvall was murdered the murderer got away with it just as he got away with mine."

"The solid lines in the professor's face relaxed. He smiled grimly. "I knew there was substance to you for all your froth," he said. "Now listen. If the murderer had got away with the treasure he would not be here looking for it, would he?"

"You don't mean Dr. Frisch?" "I do mean Dr. Frisch. I have had more upon him for some time. There are so few of the East Indian race in this country that it was not hard to select him as the one typifying the most obvious and powerful of motives, religious zeal."

"He is a Brahmin who has deliberately sacrificed his caste. Why? Not for the sake of Hindu independence, you may be sure. That is only a pretence for being without anything back of it, no lecture course, no lecture, no interest in the subject here or in Hindustan. On the other hand he was planning to come down here before the young ladies advertised."

"How do you know that?" asked Kennet sharply. "He brought down with him a packet of letters tied together by a silk cord addressed to him in Miss Estelle Duvall's hand."

"Of course, though that isn't all I managed to see through that little device. The girl is avaricious; that is as unmistakable as her beauty, and this crafty Semite has been working on it, is working on it. Why? I hope to answer that better in twenty-four hours than now."

"He may believe that he can learn here, whereabouts of the treasure through her, those people have a strange belief in the divination of kin. He may plan to make his life of it legal through marrying her."

"Why, he's old enough to be her grandfather," he retorted. "But he doesn't look it, as yet. At all events, what I want of you is to guard Miss Nance closely. The crisis is approaching. Remember that avarice is a progressive passion, going from much to more, from bad to worse. These two cousins know and care for each other but slightly. If one dies the survivor becomes potential heir to the whole."

"I will, I will, with my life, the doctor declared Kennet vehemently. "I have faith in you, professor, the more so because I seem able to see through this millionaire. Nance has told me of Judge Josiah Marcellus's interest in her. You are—"

"Yes," interposed the professor calmly, "I am Abe Cronkite."

III.

Harry Kennet awoke with a start. The room was bright. The watch by

his bedside had stopped at 8 o'clock. He lurched to the window. The sun was high. It was late. He had overslept as infamously as a neophyte on his vigil.

For all his remorseful impatience Harry made but a slow toilet. A clog was upon his mind and muscles. He was sluggish to think and to do. What then had become of his ardent resolve to be up by times to guard and defend Nance? And what, oh what, would Abe Cronkite think of him?

The pure air sweeping through the opposite windows began to revive him partially, and yet once he stepped from the direct draft there was that same strange sickish taste and smell paralyzing his nerves and making dizzy his brain.

At length by desperate will Harry swayed down the stairs. The stillness of desertion prevailed. Only the tall hall clock gave a note of life, and from its solemn tick, tick, seemed to come the solemn refrain of "Nevermore."

From the stately parlor to the homely sitting room and through the inviting dining room he passed crouching into the kitchen. The kettle was pulling busily on the stove. Black Dinah, the cook, lolled on the table with her turbaned head prone among the pans and dishes.

She was not dead, but as Harry raised her and shook her again that strange, sweet, sickish sensation affected him. He dashed cold water, he rubbed, he thumped. At length the old woman showed the white of her eyes.

"Oh, Lordy, the master," she gurgled, and then stiffened like a corpse. There came a complaining sound from the pantry, in which Aunt Anne Pross took tutatory pride, and thither Kennet hastened. On the one chair between the floor and the sugar barrel sat the spinster with scowling still in her hand. She gaped agitatedly upon the young man.

"My time has come," she whimpered. "Brother Victor himself rose from the dead to warn me. Oh, but I hate to leave all these things."

"Where is Nance? Where are the girls?" demanded Harry with fine directness. The scowp was raised a little. "They went, they went," began Miss Pross, and then as her head nodded and her jaw relaxed the scowp fell and she slept like a corpse.

Kennet followed in the direction the scowp had flatteringly pointed. It led through the rear door and down the garden to where, bush enshrouded, the summer house stood. As he pushed aside the interlacing branches he held his place and breath at an unwonted sound and at an unwonted sight.

Nance, his own Nance, no longer the type of blooming good nature, but pale and wan, was gazing intently on a great glittering crystal in an opaque silver dish, while over her bent Estelle with fierce eagerness.

"Die," she was urging, "die. Don't let that life isn't worth living? Don't

you see your love rejected and derided? Don't you see yourself wasting with the shame of longing in vain? Die, then die."

But it was the unexpected sight that for the moment stayed Harry from springing to drag away Nance from so evil and dangerous an obsession. Just back of the two girls, in the thick shrubbery opposite, stood two men, slight and sallow, with very white teeth and very black hair showing from under the edge of their turbans. They were dressed in narrow white robes, and on their feet as they advanced were sandals.

For advance they did as swiftly, as softly as the wind from an overhanging cloud, each to grasp one of the girls by the throat from behind with slender hands of supple steel. Even as there came from both girls a common expression of horror about to be fixed in death, Kennet burst into the summer house.

He throttled the two strangers, twisting them like twigs in his mighty grasp. He clashed their heads together. He tossed them aside into a white and sallow huddle of men. He kicked over the stand and sent the great crystal hurtling away like a will of the wind. He stepped over Estelle's motionless form. He caught up the unconscious Nance and held her firmly to his breast.

"Come on, come on!" he wildly shouted. "I'll clean up the whole dago crew of you with one hand."

"Good for you! I knew there was plenty of substance for all your froth," said a quiet voice. And Abe Cronkite as quietly entered the summer house.

IV. After a little when the two girls had been borne to the house and delivered over into the separate care of the bewildered Aunt Anne and the moribund Dinah, Abe Cronkite drew Kennet with him up the stairs into the doctor's room. The strange, sweet, sickish smell and taste which still permeated would have been overpowering had it not been for the strong draught through and through from windows open top and bottom.

On the table stood a flask of outlandish style and make half filled with a dark liquid. It was tightly corked. On the bed lay Dr. Frisch. His arms and legs were tightly pinioned with stout rope. His eyes were closed. His face was sunken and livid and the set expression of it was that of conquered old age.

"Why, he's dead," cried Harry, shrinking from the awesome sight. "Yes," admitted Cronkite apologetically, "that is one of my little mistakes. You her jaw relaxed the scowp fell and she slept like a corpse."

"I forgot either to stop up the flask or to open up the windows. His own queer medicine was too much for him, I guess. But if I hadn't followed the old gentleman close I never would have recovered the treasure."

"The old gentleman? What old gentleman?" "I don't know; I never saw him before. From what I could gather from those scared women downstairs they both thought that they had seen the late Mr. Victor Duvall; but of course that is all rot, the result of that infernal stuff in

the flask, of which you also had a dose, my boy."

"The simple fact is that I saw a respectable old gentleman glide out from the front room where Miss Estelle was staring into that big crystal, and as a doctor had evidently been watching him some one when I needed him it seemed advisable to follow him. And it was—"

"But what became of him?" "I don't know. After he led me to the break in the cellar wall I was too busy digging out and fetching up that iron bound box over there to notice. My, but it was heavy. But he may have dropped in upon those women after all."

"I never heard such a comprehensible lot of stuff in my life," declared Kennet strictly. "I don't believe a word of it. You must have been dreaming."

"I didn't dream the flask and the crystal. I saw them in the doctor's bag the day of my arrival, you know, and recognized them in a glance as part of the paraphernalia of an East Indian adept."

"Nonsense. If the doctor made out to dupe the whole household why didn't he begin with you first of all, since he had reason to be suspicious?"

"He did," answered Kennet, "but you see I wasn't there. When I decided to watch after I left you first night I made up a very creditable dummy of myself in my bed, which he doubtless put to sleep."

"You can't tell me," persisted Kennet. "Such weird doings never happen in this age of light and learning. Undoubtedly there was a gang of Hindu diggers who were after the flask that old Dr. Frisch cooped from some native temple."

"There was, was, and blood though not much muscle, to these chaps I polished off."

"Those chaps?" asked Cronkite in surprise. "When and where?" "Why, the two foreigners that I put out of business down in the summer house. Only the young ladies were there when I came," replied Kennet gravely. "The summer house is in plain sight from the window. You can see for yourself there is no one there."

"Heaven's," murmured Kennet, turning white. "And their long slim hands with that soft, deadly pressure! Maybe that is the way the old gentleman was done to death if he is dead."

"He is dead enough to have his estate duly partitioned," said Cronkite hoarsely. "And that answers for all practical purposes. Come, help me lift that box of the table and we'll see how much there is to divide between the young—"

"Why, it isn't heavy," exclaimed Kennet.

"And it is open," added Cronkite, scarcely less dumfounded, "though half an hour ago it was locked and could not be lifted. The box was empty."

An Indian Medicine Stone.

From the Sixth Time.

A Bath man has an Indian medicine stone found on the Indian cayenne place, in Winnipeg. It is of stone like flint, black and smooth.

On one side is an intaglio cut for the thumb to rest on and on the reverse, similar neatly carved incisions for the four fingers to grasp the stone. On the thumb side, a level for mixing the medicine is sunken and around coiled rattlesnake are engraved. Elsewhere upon the top and sides are engraved the names of the cures and more snakes.